

On Train.
6.45- Thursday Night
April 9th. 1895-

My Dearest Clarence,

Here I am positively
-ly started homeward.

3/4 of an hour ago, I kissed
Mam Van, Nellie, Uel
Kat, and Mamma Russell
goodbye at the train; now
the beautiful Hudson rolls
along beside me and I
am positively bound home-
ward. I repeated your
Monday night & Tues morn
somewhat formal epistles
they sounded as if you
intended them for some
girl friend, who was

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nothing to you. But I'll
look through the paper &
read you & forgive you.
These occasional flapses
of yours into the phraseology
of other days, always
gives me a sort of cold
shower bath.

Walt's letter reached me
this afternoon, I will enclose
it for you. It tells so much

I fear singing at Sterling
is not going to be possible
as I lost my voice suddenly
by this morning, but the
last few hours have been
able to talk again. I
got some iodine immedi-
ately - so no time was lost

3.

Sydney Troy came to bid
me goodbye this morning
and I have so much joy
to tell you about Pierre.

How deliciously long the
days are getting: it is
light even at 7 o'clock.

I have read one chapter &
shall go to bed soon, as
I have been up till two
o'clock for two nights.
will continue in the morning
darling and then ask
some lady friend to join
this when she gets to
Chicago, so you may get
it for noon - A tender
loving goodnight. May God
bring us together speedily & grate